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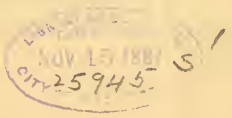
Turn The Rascals Out

A Song



By J M Lenahan

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Turn The Rascals Out.

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In the papers oft' we read where Monopoly, in greed,
Appropriates our public lands and mines,
And, not content with such, claim that you should
Get rich on digging coal at ninety cents a
Ton. Now, if that was all, we would not
Complain at all; but the worst, you will quickly
Own, has yet to come: They make laws to
Suit themselves, while we must dig and
Delve' neath a Pinkerton assassin and
His gun.

CHORUS.

But if every man will contribute what he
Can—your good will is all that we request;
Just lend us your influence for one day
At the polls, and Monopoly will find its doom
At last.

When election day comes round, and politics
Is rife, you will find the politician
In the front. With his bewitching smile,
He will try you to beguile into his way of
Thinking for a drink. He will say: You
Know our man?- I suppose you vote for Sam?—
You should support the ticket as it goes;—Try
And get men in who have got lots of
Tin, for in politics poor people stand
No show.

What is Cleveland about? "Turn the rascals
Out!" We hear this plaintive wail
On every hand, and, 'tis plain for to be
Seen, vampires are not all weaned who
Seek office in our wealth-producing land.
When the wage-workers throughout the realm
Realize their power, the world may well
Rejoice with me at last,—for class legislation
Will be known, from pole to pole, as a
Feature of the unforgotten past. . . . .

All honest Knights throughout the land are
Gaining every hour the esteem and confidence of wealth;
Their watchword, Arbitration! is pleasing unto all—
It constitutes a jury in itself. Then, let
Every man contribute what he can—your good
Will is all that we request; just lend us
Your influence for one day at the polls,
And such rascals will go to jail at last.

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